

Student Review

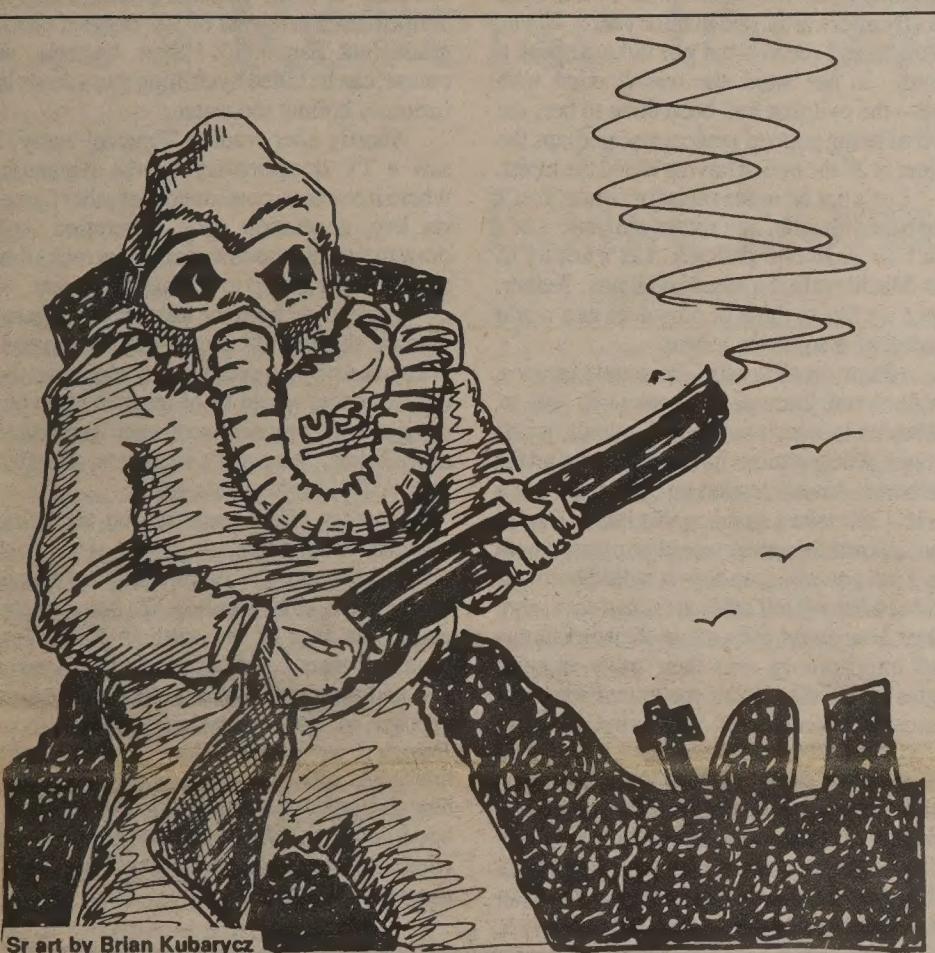
BYU's Unofficial Magazine

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Provo, Utah

April 6, 1988

Faculty Edition: Our Professors Speak



Art by Brian Kubarycz

Language Opportunities

by Daniel C. Peterson

Department of Asian and Near Eastern Studies

Everyone who comes to Brigham Young University is aware of the sign at the main entrance which reads "The World is Our Campus." Many of us drive or walk past it daily. We read it idly. We joke about it. However, neither we nor the University of which we are a part will fulfill our mandate until it becomes very much a reality.

How are we doing? Not badly, perhaps. Thousands of returning missionaries bring with them residence experience in many parts of the nation and distant parts of the world. Many of them bring considerable competence in foreign languages—sometimes in languages rarely learned by outsiders.

Our international cinema program is outstanding. Our semester abroad programs are diverse and flourishing. (Noteworthy among them is the new Jerusalem Center for Near Eastern Studies, unrivaled by any university in the world.) These are impressive assets, the envy of many another school.

How are we using these assets? Not as well as we should, it seems to me. How many of our returned missionaries go on to use their hard-won language abilities in any meaningful way?

With one of the better schools of management in the nation, and a more internationally experienced student population than almost any other university, we should be dominant—or nearly so—in preparing students for international management and trade. Yet we are not. We should be abundantly represented in the diplomatic corps. Again, we are not. The American and international schools which dot the globe should have a sizable complement of BYU-trained teachers. They do not.

I do not wish to suggest, however, that BYU as an institution is entirely responsible for our failure to shine in these and related areas. Nor do I particularly want to single out the Management School or the College of Education. I have no doubt that they—and we all—could probably do much more than is currently being done to foster a world-wide role for BYU. And, indeed, I see hopeful signs on this particular horizon. The main obstacle

please see Language
on back page

How are we using our language assets and international experience?

Germ Warfare Hurts

by George C. Bennion

Department of English

Recently it became known that the Army was planning a new germ-warfare facility (Don't you love facility in that context?) at Dugway Proving Grounds. Cries of protest rose from many, including Governor Bangerter and our Congressional contingent.

Senator Hatch reported that he told the Army they "couldn't do that to his people." Senator Garn said that as soon as he got back to Washington he would knock a few heads together. Presumably everything would then fall into place. It is comforting to be in such good hands.

Representative Hansen's more moderate voice held a note of dismay; he felt betrayed. He had been assured, he said, that Dugway was no longer on the list of possible sites. Both he and Senator Hatch wanted the "facility" built on Midway Island, which is some seven hundred miles upwind from Hawaii.

Did you know that there are people on Midway Island? It is an inhabited island, for heaven's sake. I learned this during WW II, though evidently this fact has escaped the notice of our leaders in Washington. I also learned that people not crucially different from me are born there and think of Midway as theirs, as their home. They fall in love, raise kids, walk about, revere their ancestors, and do all sorts of funky little things.

The mind set that permits eastern-establish-

ment types to view the West as suitable for atomic-waste and germ-factory sites has the quasi-morality typical of big-power disrespect for Third-World countries. It is a better-you-than-me mentality. It is facile, and I want none of it—not as disrespected, not as disrespector.

When I was a student at the "U," caught up in intercollegiate rivalries, I sang the school songs, chanted the school chants, a line from one of which I remember crying joyously, "We don't give a damn for any damn man that don't give a damn for us." But sometimes, because I had good friends and dear cousins at Utah State and at BYU, I felt kind of silly chanting those chants. Once I wondered what the effect would be on our collegiate ferocity if we elevate the second "don't" to "doesn't".

In those years, despite our terrible breathing out, Byron "Whizzer" White rou-

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Reverse For Dennis



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The Marketplace of Ideas



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Student Review

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Germ Warfare from front page

tinely ripped through our football team with little difficulty. Times have changed us. "Whizzer" now sits on the U.S. Supreme Court, concerning himself with matters "of great pith and moment." And those whose humanity permits them to suppose that shifting a germ factory to Midway is worthy of Congress or of Utah appear to have changed their motto from "We don't give a damn . . . that don't give a damn for us" to "We just don't give a damn, period."

If we took a head-count, I suspect we would discover that none of us voters want a germ warfare plant anywhere at all. It is not enough to recognize the immorality of imposing one on Utah or Midway, it is only enough to recognize that just having such a program is an unutterable nastiness; it is as nasty as nuclear warfare; it is as nasty as good ol' conventional, blow-off-their-arms-and-legs approved warfare.

The sheer ludicrousness of it all came home to me in a rather unlikely moment. During a sacrament meeting in my ward in Orem, a retired army officer was bearing his testimony, and got to talking about the Viet Nam War, then in progress: "I know a lot of people are opposed to this war," he said; "it may not be a very good war. But brothers and sisters, it is the only war we've got."

In an essay titled "My Wood," E.M. Forster saw this darkness which is in us when he said, "Our life on earth is, and ought to be, material and carnal. But we have not yet learned to manage our materialism and carnality properly." Well, I say, let's start.

You know, of course, that the Army will say, in President Reagan's phrase, "'Our adversaries have germ-warfare capability and we must have it too.'" In my mind, that kind of thinking has precisely the same merit as Senator Hatch's "Build it on Midway."

In the public hearings, the Army spokesman told us 1. that the new "facility" would be perfectly safe—for employees and for the general population, 2. that pathogens would not be trucked to and from stations—rather

they would be sent through the U.S. Mail, and of course that would be perfectly safe also, and 3. that Dugway would not be used to develop new and deadlier strains, just to keep alive what we already have. Thank heaven for the Army's restraint—not to mention credibility.

With the Army's proposal in the back of my mind, I chanced upon Bill Moyers' broadcast on the nature of evil. A speaker there told of having been raped as a child by a man known to her family. The girl was seven years old at the time. The parallel between that rape and the Army's proposal struck me with such force that I may have missed the next few sentences, but recall the speaker reporting that the rapist was found dead shortly afterwards, and that for years—seven or eight, as I recall—the girl did not speak a word. In her mind she was flooded with evil—the evil that had been done to her, the evil of being a raped person, and perhaps the worst of all the evil of having killed the rapist.

Let's not be in the rapist business. Let's not be involved in any rotten projects. Let's not have shameful policies. Let's not try to out-Machiavelli the Machiavellians. Rather, since we like to think of ourselves as a world leader, give some leadership.

History at all levels—personal histories, professional journal, textbooks—is full of instances in which single individuals, small groups, whole nations have turned around for the better, have "cleaned up their act." Let's do it. Let's take a stand on this issue. Everyone, all over the world would be pleased with us. Can you imagine how it would help our voice, when we tell other great and sovereign states how awful they are in their invasions and imprisonings and their other human-rights violations. Don't you hate it when our national voice sounds like wind blowing through screen?

Another speaker on Bill Moyers' program assured us that we can regenerate ourselves spiritually every day, individually. By our thought, he said, and by respecting ourselves and other people, we can recreate ourselves. I think it is true. I believe I have

seen people who do something like that. I also think we can do that as a nation.

Recalling how Alma and the sons of Mosiah turned around whole societies committed to hating and destroying, I believe it is certain that it can be done, certain that we do not need a germ-warfare "facility" at Dugway or anywhere else, and certain that we can recreate our country and contribute international leadership of a type not related to military or economic power, not related to power at all.

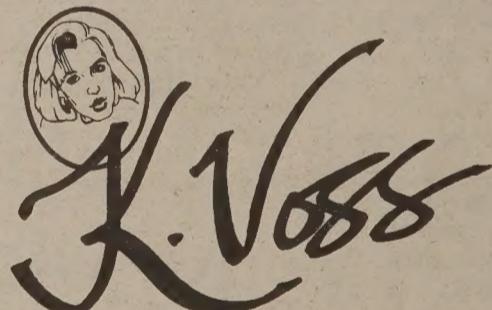
In an essay titled "Seven Wonders," Lewis Thomas tells of ocean bacteria thriving in the superheated waters at the mouth of volcanic openings. Water in these "black smokers" is under extreme pressure and at temperatures in excess of 300 degrees centigrade (not Fahrenheit). Such bacteria, of course, can be killed by chilling them down in furiously boiling sea water.

Shortly after reading Thomas' essay, I saw a TV documentary on the Antarctic, where it has been confirmed that other bacteria live, generation upon generation, and draw their entire nourishment from rocks that almost never get up to the freezing point.

Quite aside from the immorality of germ warfare, this is chilling certainty that no one, not even Army experts, has any idea what the consequences would be of releasing into our environment organisms of such incredible adaptability. Why can't we just be satisfied with AIDS, for-heaven's-sake?

Thomas offers some reason for being cheerful about ourselves, but he notes dark possibilities too: "... we are still too young, too juvenile, to be trusted. We have spread across the face of the earth in just a few thousand years... endangering other forms of life and now endangering ourselves. As a species, we have everything to learn about living ... we are a Wonder." He (and I) end thus: "At this early stage in our evolution, now through our infancy and into our childhood and then, with luck, our growing up, what our species needs most of all, right now, is simply a future."

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CAMPUS LIFE

Once a year, on the first day of March, on St. David's Day, we held in our school an *eisteddfod*, a celebration and performance of those arts and that culture for which the Welsh are held to be preeminent. It was quite popular with the boys. Preparations for the event disrupted the orderly procedure of the school throughout the dark month of February, and a clever boy, entering a shrewd selection of events, could wander at will about the damp corridors for weeks on end, pretending here that he was on his way to recite Kipling's "If" to an eager committee of listeners in the library, and claiming there that he was going to collect his sheaf of watercolors, a late entry for the fine art section. Above all, the ebullient competitive spirit which lay uneasily dormant within us was stimulated into constructive action. Serious boys could be heard muttering aloud the sculptured periods of their speeches, learned boys searched the pages of the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* for words absurd and recondite enough to cause gasps of amazement on the day. Some of us gave up, temporarily, our more normal activities, fighting, football, the cunning evasion of all serious and responsible behavior.

I was quite good at *eisteddfod* business, if for an unlikely reason. Unwilling to expose myself to the good-humored public banter of my fellows, I did not enter the singing competitions, or the verse speaking, or even the impromptu speech, the real motivation of which was the subtle introduction of as many double-entendres as possible.

The best speakers never reached the finals of this event. My friend Arthur Purcell, whose grandfather was a local politician noted for his polysyllabic eloquence, was marvelous at the impromptu speech. Only Michael Cleary could equal him. Their wild, irreverent humor, their wayward scorn, their biting awareness of every weakness of the ruling dynasty of our establishment, ensured their regular abrupt dismissal from the competition.

Michael Cleary left school early, running away to work in a racing stable where he soon became a steeplechase jockey. Occasionally he would send us photographs of himself being spectacularly separated from a horse as it collapsed in mid-air above some disastrous fence or other. He was a great loss to us all. But Arthur Purcell remained, the sharp barbs of his wit growing more bitter and outrageous. Nobody was immune from his sudden, puncturing sallies.

It was in the written competitions that I made my territory. These were entered anonymously, our identities hidden by noms de plume. I excelled in the manufacture of such aliases, loved the discovery of the many masks I used. It is true that my enthusiasm meant that I had to write essay upon essay, poem after poem, in order to employ the names I invented, but I would not abandon them.

So the Tutankhamen Kid would provide a hurried ode on the mutability of the seasons. Boudoir of Splendid Petals a superficial defense of belligerence as an art, K. Ataturk III some wry platitudes about the necessity of civilization.

Once, by error, I won the essay prize for

fifteen-year-olds. The judge, a retired man of letters, unsmiling, dry in every joint, announced the negative qualities which had induced him—in an admittedly bad year—to award me first place. "First then," he had said, holding my pages at arm's length, between thumb and finger, "first is 'Oblomov Rides Again.' Whoever he may be." I stood up with a casual modesty designed to deceive nobody and acknowledged my identity. "A great thing, but mine own," said Arthur

and wavy and parted on the left, was a vivid and truculent red.

"A contemporary sensibility," said the judge. "An exciting talent, a gift for the unexpected phrase." Dennis Williams gazed thoughtfully at some spot on the far wall. Asked to go to the piano to play the accompaniment, he shrugged slightly and walked through the rows of seated boys as if he did not see them. He carried always with him his own agreeable solitude.

His soloist was Idwal Rowlands, a hulking boy whose voice remained, despite his fifteen years, a pure and flawless soprano. He was six feet tall, and solid. His face was a choirboy's face, round, pink and sincere, and comically irrelevant above his

brawny frame. Beside me Arthur Purcell, struck afresh by the incongruity of that ill-matched voice and body, shook with stifled laughing. I looked at Dennis Williams as he began to play. He struck from the keys a handful of jeering chords and a tinkle of dissonance. Idwal Rowlands wrinkled his clear brow and prepared to sing. "Fair daffodils," he piped, "we weep to see You haste away so soon;/ As yet the early-rising sun Has not attain'd his noon." All about me, affected by Arthur's snorted giggles, boys were staring glassy-eyed and rosy in their efforts not to laugh. Spike Hughes had stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth. "Stay, stay until the hasting day," caroled enormous Idwal, oblivious of us all.

Then suddenly we became aware, nearly all of us, of the piano. Alongside the dulcet melody, almost a parody of the sweet noise of the words, Dennis Williams was playing a sharp and mocking accompaniment, pointed, jagged, telling us something of a sturdy despair at once profound and full of energy. It was an astonishing experience. Our applause was puzzled, respectful. Afterwards I went up to Dennis and told him how much I had liked the song. He gave the faintest indication of a smile, and said nothing.



Art by Curtis Bay

I recognized this as an act of genius. He had transformed his mild, placatory, given name, the name of a saint, into a monosyllable of unseemly power.

I had seen Dennis Williams many times before, but had never really looked at him. He stood, tall and slender, perhaps a year older than I was. His smooth pale face was closed and tranquil, he was smiling very gently to himself. He wore a coat of speckled Irish tweed and gray worsted trousers, beautifully cut, very expensive. His hair, thick

and wavy and parted on the left, was a vivid and truculent red.

I would like to claim that Dennis Williams had been my friend, but it would not be true. Quiet, amiable, impregnably self-sufficient, he seemed alone even when with other boys. He moved, tall and relaxed, on the edges of my life, where we nodded to each other. Once I saw him rowing, alone, on the lake at the edge of the school grounds, and I waved to him. He brought in his heavy boat, spinning the oars expertly, and invited me to

join him.

As I stepped into the boat I saw his large, nimble hands, the thickness of his long wrists. We didn't say much, just moved without effort over the simple water, above the weeds, above the still trout. That was a perfect afternoon, one preserved against time. And once, walking through the small park behind Wesley Street, I came upon Dennis sitting on a bench, his long legs stretched before him, his eyes almost shut against his cool knowledge. He was eighteen then. I thought him cultivated and experienced far beyond my achievement.

That evening my cousin Sara met me in High Street.

"I didn't know," she said, "that you were a friend of Dennis Williams." It was almost an accusation.

"I'm not," I said.

"Don't be silly," she said, "I saw you in the park this afternoon. Talking together, the pair of you, thick as thieves." The world to her was uncomplicated and direct, she sparkled with energy.

"Maybe," I said, "but we aren't friends. We just talk to each other sometimes." I looked at her doubtfully. It was the sort of inane statement she would not accept. But she was gazing past me with a look of ethereal greed.

"He's lovely," she said. "Dreamy." I was appalled. Such behavior was frighteningly untypical of Sara.

"You're mad," I said. She didn't answer.

"Dreamy!" I sneered.

"So handsome," Sara said.

I thought about it for a while and could not agree. I objected. "His hair is red," I said.

"What's that got to do with it, fool," said Sara, and she turned away to walk up the road with bustling, confident steps.

Well, Dennis Williams had a lot of class, I recognized that. His father was a doctor, rich and popular. Dennis always dressed beautifully, he took long holidays abroad, he was generous and softspoken. I could see what Sara meant. In September he was going to medical school. I saw him, late in August, walking over the golf course with his Airedale, Max. He had an old walking stick which he threw for the dog to retrieve. I've

always liked Airedales and Max was a good one. No longer young, gray was beginning to fleck the black of his saddle, but he still ran like a puppy after that stick. Dennis took it from the dog and waited at the edge of a bunker for me to come up to them.

He told me then that he was going to Edinburgh to study medicine.

"My father went there," he said. "I've always wanted to be a doctor."

It was a hot evening. The course was deserted but for three figures on a distant green. We could hear them laughing.

"That's great, Dennis," I said. I bent down to pat the old dog. "What about your music?" I said. "I thought you were keen on music." Dennis was scratching his initials into the sandy turf with the ferrule of his stick,

please see Reverse on page 6

A Chaucerian Glimpse of BYU

by Catherine Corman
English Department

Were Chaucer the Posthumous Poet in Residence at Brigham Young University, what would the *Canterbury Tales* be like? Who among us would be honored with a place in his new General Prologue? Which of our follies and self-pretensions would attract his poet's eye and pen?

Instead of the Prioress relating her sentimental story of a child martyr, would we have the student Relief Society President telling us of warm fuzzies and cold pricklies? Would the Pardonner be a summer salesman, his bag of relicks a briefcase stuffed with Og Madino books and animated scripture videos? And what of Chaucer's ideal characters? In the good man of religion we could see any number of campus bishops; and surely the honest Plowman must be that extraordinary woman who uncompromisingly cleans the drinking fountains in the JKHB.

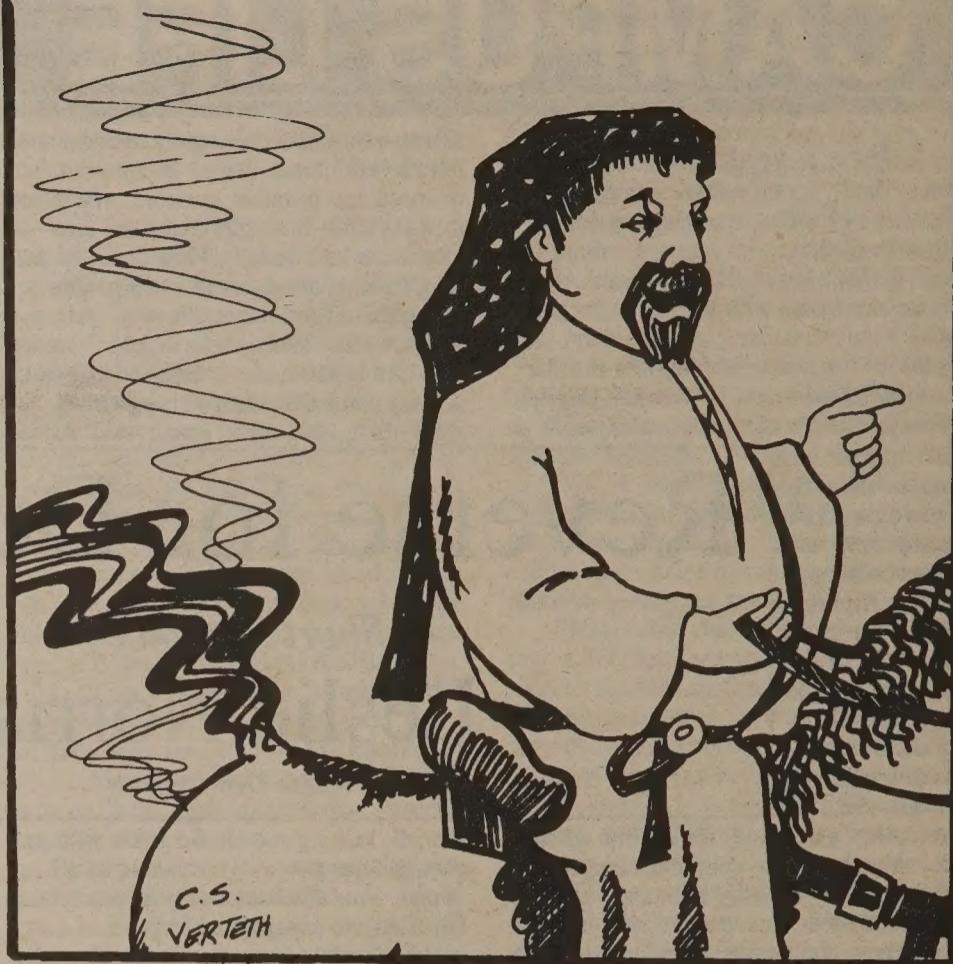
Chaucerian irony, that most slippery of poetic devices, involves saying something without actually having said it. Students sometimes call it satire or sarcasm, but it lacks the self-righteous social motives of the former and invective of the latter. Paradoxically, it exposes folly to humor by praising the genuinely praiseworthy. The Prioress, for instance, has a nice smile and scrupulous manners; her tender heart reduces her to tears at the sight of dead mice and bruised dogs. These are good qualities even in a nun, but are

they the qualities we expect to define a woman who has become a Bride of Christ? It's as if in his General Prologue to the *BYU Tales* Chaucer were to say,

A good woman of religion was there who was so righteous she would wince if she saw anyone drinking even decaffeinated cola. And seriously she took the command to be her brother's keeper, calling the campus police if anyone's soul seemed in jeopardy from misusing University property. And all was conscience and tender heart.

The point here is not that it is wrong to drink cola, nor that it is overly-pious not to. And most would agree that we should take better care of those around us and have more respect for property not our own. But when does keeping our brother become presuming to guard his morals? And more importantly, do we want these attributes to define religion? Details in this pseudo-portrait suggest that religion, at least for the good woman described, consists of what other people do.

But Chaucer's irony is more subtle and considerably more charitable than the example suggests. Even as we smile smugly and say, "Yes, indeed, Chaucer would reveal the hypocrisy and self-pretension here," we ourselves become a focus for the poet's method. In his portraits Chaucer gives us details which may contradict each other, be qualified or changed by what follows, or

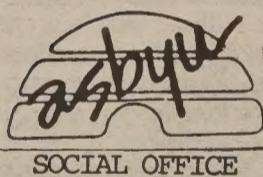


SR art by C.S. Verteth

conflict with our expectations and moral values. As we sort through these to find meaning, we become conscious of our own response processes, aware of how quickly and on what little evidence we form opinions and judgments. This realization may temper our response to the characters and, if we are wise, to everyone. It is an eminently Chris-

tian poetic method, embodying the Lord's dictum to "Judge not, that ye be not judged." The judgment which we use on the characters reflects back on ourselves, and the measure we use to interpret is measured back to us again.

Catherine enjoys pilgrimages, picnics, and warm fuzzies



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Ramblings

by John J. Murphy
English Department

of lazy Eula Varner in *The Hamlet*, whose "entire appearance suggested some symbolology out of the old Dionysic times," "who did not move at all of her own volition, save to and from the table and to and from bed," who spent her youth in a perambulator the size of a dog cart, and who at five or six, when she accompanied her mother, was carried everywhere by a Negro man servant, "staggering slightly beneath his long, dangling, already indisputably female burden like a bizarre and chaperoned Sabine rape."

I wasn't attracted to Willa Cather's fiction, which has become my business, because it made me laugh or even chuckle, but there's laughter in it, in those proper town girls in *My Antonia* whose "bodies never moved inside their clothes" when they danced, whose "muscles seemed to ask but one thing—not to be disturbed." *Death Comes for the Archbishop* is full of wonderful outrage. There is divinity student Trinidad, whose face had the "oily look of soft cheeses. The corners of his mouth were deep folds in plumpness, like the creases in a baby's legs." His concentration on food during meals was broken only by hungry glimpses at the servant girl, and his attempt to play the crucified Christ during Passion Week turned to farce: "he is so heavy that after he had hung there a few hours, the cross fell over with him." Then there is the elderly miser priest who puts down his lusty companion in sin with the boast that long after a petticoat grows useless, a crisp dollar will retain its power to stimulate: "I can still rise upright at the sight of a dollar."

I suppose all these examples, from Roseanne to Willa, depend upon the way things are supposed to be and are not, and I suppose it's better to laugh than get angry, bitter, or

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on page 7



skids." He could never get a joke, spent his days smoking in his chair and squinting at a tiny print of Amsterdam, and developed the reputation of a doubter because his ideas were too grand for him to turn over and examine their bottoms.

The contours of Van Twiller probably inspired fellow New Yorker Edith Wharton's crescendo of corpulence in *The Age of Inno-*

cence—the portrait of matriarch Catherine Mingott, who had been buried in middle life by an immense accretion of flesh, "like a flood of lava on a doomed city." Mrs. Mingott could present to her mirror "an almost unwrinkled expanse of firm pink and white flesh, in the center of which the traces of a small face survived as if awaiting excavation." More outrageous is Faulkner's portrait

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Reverse from page 3

faintly, patiently, with infinite care, so that I could scarcely see the letters.

"Music?" he said. "That's just playing about, isn't it!" And then, with a sudden irritation he ripped through the impeccable D and W until the scored grass held no trace of them.

I don't know what went wrong at Edinburgh. I was busy with my own affairs, growing older, learning to be cool and fashionable, to be amused at everything. But in the spring and early summer of the next year I began to see Dennis about, and someone told me that he was no longer going to be a doctor, that he had given up medical school and was working in a lawyer's office. I knew the place. My friend, Willie John Edwards, was a junior clerk there. Whenever I saw him, Dennis looked all right; I mean, he looked happy, in control. We didn't say much to each other.

I asked Willie John about Dennis.

"He's strange," Willie John said. "He's so quiet. He'll be in the office an hour before you know he's there. Doesn't talk, doesn't whistle. If you make a joke, he just smiles. He's a nice, strange fellow."

"He's always been like that," I said.

"He's bright," Willie John told me. "He's very bright. He'll make a good lawyer, everybody says so."

It was just a casual conversation I had with Willie John one day when we were playing tennis. Frankly, I didn't think about Dennis very often.

But it was a shock when I learned he was dead. That August, in the year I was eighteen, I went to London for a fortnight, to stay with my aunt in Dulwich village. I was going to the university that next term. I took to London, had a great time, saw all the galleries,

most of the theatres, two famous athletics meetings at The White City. I was reluctant to go home. The day I travelled back was wickedly hot. I hung about in Cardiff waiting for a train to carry me through the narrowing valleys and everything was dry, powdered with dust. Children sat in whatever little pools of shade they could find, and the city drowsed. I reached the last station in late afternoon and humped my bag into the yard. There was no taxi and I walked two miles to the house, uphill all the way. I think of that walk with surprise now, but it was nothing to me then. I could have walked twenty miles without fatigue. There was no one at home. I made myself a meal, took a shower, went out into the lengthening evening.

Downtown I saw Harry Pritchard, a boy I'd known for years. Harry was very surprising; in less than twelve months he'd grown from one of the smallest boys around into a thin giant of six feet three inches. He'd not long joined the police force.

"Coming to the cinema?" he said. "It's cool, and there's a smashing double feature—*The Mummy* and *The Return of Frankenstein*.

"Oh Harry," I said, "your appetite for the Gothic is voracious and unsubtle."

"Sticks and stones," he said contentedly. "Come on, I'll buy you an ice cream."

The cinema was almost empty. It was pleasant there in the cool gloom.

"What about your friend, then?" Harry said. "What about poor Dennis Williams?"

"What about him?" I said. I was thinking of the colossal technique of an American hurdler I'd seen at The White City. He'd risen like a bird to every obstacle, his stride unchecked, his rhythm smooth and effortless. He had won by a distance.

"Come on," Harry said, "don't pretend you haven't heard."

"I've been up in London," I said. "Didn't get back until six o'clock. Tell me all."

"He's dead," Harry said. "Dead and buried. He gassed himself over a week ago, nearly a fortnight ago. Silly little fool, no need for it."

I sat there, looking at the frivolous horror on the screen.

"Why did he do it?" I said.

"Absolutely no need," said Harry roughly. I could hear the indignation in his voice.

"Some girl," he said, "told him she was pregnant and he was responsible. You'd think he'd have gone along to somebody, for help, for advice. We don't live in the Dark Ages, for God's sake."

"Dennis wouldn't go to anybody," I said. "He was always his own man, he'd come to his own decisions. He always seemed to me to be sufficient to himself."

"He was a fool, then," said Harry. "How did he know the girl was telling the truth? She could have been mistaken. Why didn't he go to his father? His father's a doctor, he'd know what to do."

I didn't answer. I was helpless in the dark of the cinema, unable to understand. "He had a lot of style," I said at last, "Dennis would have done it with style. It would have been a superb gesture." I didn't mean anything. It was an attempt to claim for Dennis his individuality, his singular quality, a defense in my mind against the tragedy of his action.

But it made Harry angry. He leaned over and began to mutter vehemently to me. "Style, is it!" he said, very quietly and

quickly. "Style?—it was a hideous and ugly suicide, that's what it was. Do you know who found him? Willie John Edwards found him. Willie John, without an ounce of harm in him. There's not much style in that." He sat back, outraged.

"Oh," I said, surprised, "it happened in the office."

"Yes," said Harry, "he went in on the Sunday evening, late, and he wasn't found until Willie John opened the doors on Monday morning."

"Poor old boy," I said, pitying both of them.

"He was in a terrible mess," Harry Pritchard said. "Terrible. They go an inhuman color, did you know that?"

"No," I said. I could see Dennis Williams playing "To Daffodils," hear Idwal Rowlands' sad high voice. It seemed a long time ago. "And his hair," Harry Pritchard said. "That lovely red hair of his. It had turned quite dark. When they carried him out I saw his hair and it had turned dark."

Then I knew that Dennis Williams was indeed dead, that he had gone from the world forever. It was the detail of the hair that got me. We sat in the electronic darkness for a long time, silent, unmoving. "Oh hell," Harry said, "this is a miserable old world. Why don't we go out into the daylight and look at it?" We walked out and the sun still shone. Two little boys, perhaps ten or eleven years old, passed us, laughing, their arms brown as summer.

"Reverse for Dennis" is from *The Girl from Cardigan*, a new collection of Leslie Norris short stories, published by Gibbs Smith, Peregrine Books.

Semester Count Down!

10 days to go

9 days to go

8 days to go

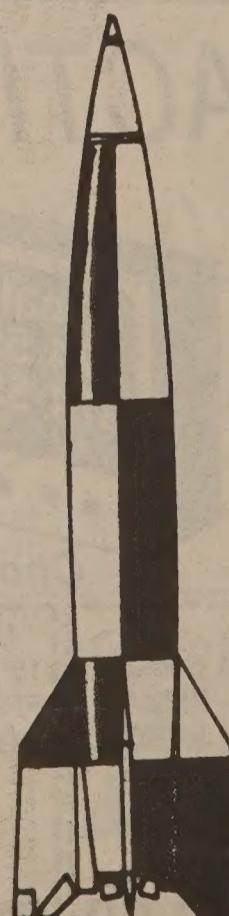
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6 days to go

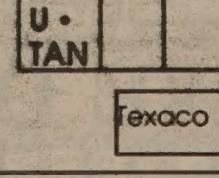
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Parking



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To BYU

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. . . can't think of any?

Top 20

by the Holland Kids

1. General Conference
2. Pasta bar at Cougar Eat
3. Wearing socks
4. Sir Isaac Newton
5. Mom's fireside
6. Gary Cardall and the ground's crew
7. Our white mustang "Farrah"
8. The Hawaiian Luau
9. Jan and Janet
10. Fourth floor of HBLL
11. Duff
12. French teachers who are understanding
13. The Final Four
14. New candy counter in bookstore
15. On-campus housing
16. Karl G. Maeser statue
17. Gerald Ottley
18. Real suntans
19. Seedless grapes
20. Intramurals

Bottom 10

"Is this the German House?", Manuel Noriega, Finals, scavenger hunts, pseudo-intellectuals, vicious prank calls, banquets, viruses, choosing a major, and pork

Editor's Note

We're back!! After a harrowing abduction last week by CIA-backed space aliens who replaced our paper with some scurrilous scandal sheet, the *Student Review* staff is back. You need fear no longer. The regular staff has returned and wrested control of the paper. As much as we'd like to take responsibility for what was printed last week, it just wasn't our fault. Therefore, all inquires, propositions, threats, pending legal action regarding the *Enquirer* should be directed to the following number they left with us: 1-800-382-8876. So, though we'd like to handle any defamation complaints, we just can't. Sorry, John.

The articles in this week's issue are almost exclusively the work of faculty members, this is a feature that we would like to do on a regular basis. Professors' contributions are especially encouraged and appreciated. We are always looking for new writers, ideas, suggestions, letters, insight and commentary. If you have any suggestions or contributions, please send them our way. If you would like to get involved next Fall, or during this Spring and Summer (we could use your help), or if you just want to have a good time and meet some exciting people, don't miss the SR year-end/awards/recruitment/farewell/have-a-good-time party: April 15, 5:00pm, meet at the Stadium. Everyone's welcome! (call Becki 226-3448 for info.)

In light of recent and future staff changes at the *Review* here's a quote for the week:

Titles distinguish the mediocre, embarrass the superior, and are disgraced by the inferior.

—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, from "Man and Superman"

Yours,
m.e.OATES

Ramblings from page 5

give up. Perhaps the funniest of all writers to me is Flannery O'Connor, whose outrage always connects to revelation, whether it involves smug Ruby Turpin, who judges people according to footwear, and is hit in the head and choked by an ugly Wellesley girl, or cynical Hulga Hopewell, whose wooden leg is stolen by a Bible salesman during her failed attempt to seduce him in the hay. Of course, we are glad when Hulga, whose name was once Joy, is done in by her own smarts. We have much more sympathy for her proper if simple-minded mother, continually nonplussed by a daughter who "had taken the Ph.D. in Philosophy and left [her mother] at a complete loss. You could say, 'My

daughter is a nurse,' or 'My daughter is a school teacher,' or even 'My daughter is a chemical engineer.' You could not say, 'My daughter is a philosopher.' That was something that had ended with the Greeks and Romans."

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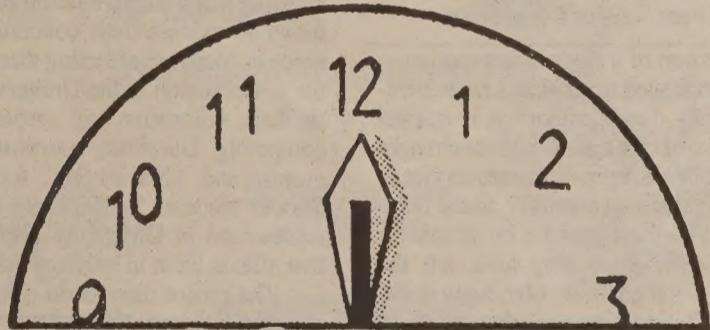
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EDITORIAL PAGE

I Am My Sister and My Brother

by Sam Rushforth

Department of Biological Sciences

Life is full of surprises. Who could have guessed that solid matter is composed of atoms? Who would have predicted that the earth rotates about the sun and not the other way around? Or, for that matter, who could have surmised that the universe was composed of trillions of suns, some larger, some smaller, some similar to our own?

As a biological scientist, I am continually astonished at the wonder and sheer beauty of the earth and her populace. I find my life is regularly filled with paradox. For instance, just when you come to believe that nature fits Tennyson's line "Nature red in tooth and claw," you find that many species win by forming cooperative alliances and living in mutual support. Just when you think it is safe to say that all plants are green and make their livelihood by photosynthesis, you find that many are parasites, attaching to the roots of green plants and acting more like animals than plants. Or think of the enormous complexity of all the simple single-celled organisms too small to be seen, or of bacteria, smaller still, occasionally causing disease and death but essential in so many ways for all life on earth.

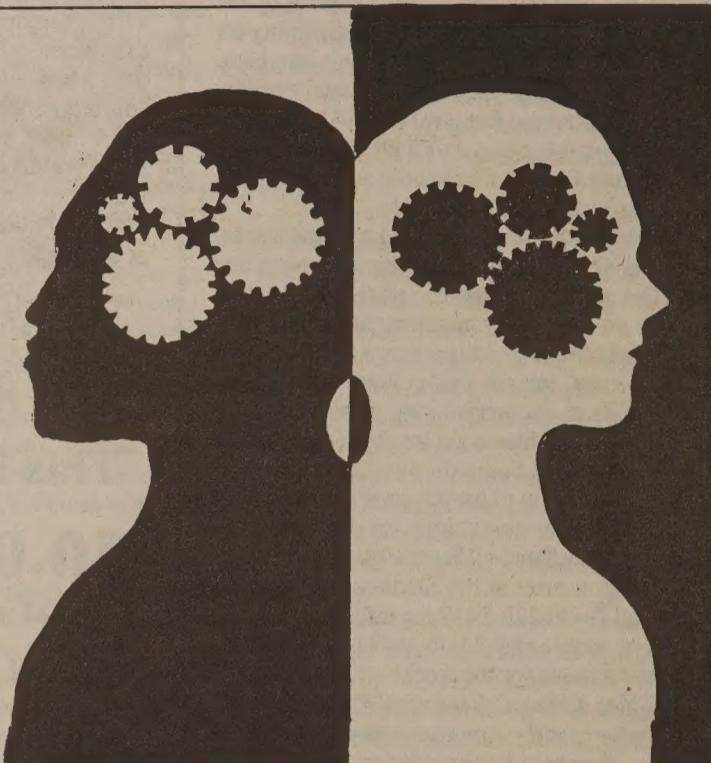
I have been thinking lately about one of the strongest of these paradoxes I see in nature. Human beings are at once very much alike and yet we differ wonderfully from each other. How can this be? Just how much alike and how different are we and how important

are our apparent differences?

To begin with, I should mention that all life on earth is astonishingly alike and interrelated. Each of us is much more like a mosquito or a pine tree or a mushroom than we are not. Each of us contains all of the same biological machinery necessary for the operation of life. Each living organism makes cell membranes about the same way. We all transport chemicals in about the same way. All of us have more or less the same structures within our cells. We all create proteins and our cells divide in the same manner.

So how is it that I don't look like a pine tree or a mosquito? Why do I think and not photosynthesize or write papers rather than sporulate? We now know that we differ from one another primarily in the arrangement of nucleotide bases along our molecules of DNA. I have the genetic information en-

SR Art by Suzi Gest



coded in my DNA to make certain proteins that a cherry tree does not have. And a cherry tree has certain genetic information that I lack. And it is in the expression of this information that we differ. It is now clear that I am similar to other life on earth in most ways, and different in specific ways. Both these similarities and differences are carried in the language encoded in my DNA.

If I am so closely related to all life on earth, how closely am I related to others of our species? Just how similar are we to each other and what significance resides in our apparent differences? These questions are important and interesting and a good deal of research is presently being done to answer them. The facts are beginning to point to a stunning genetic similarity among all humans, regardless of outward appearance or even sex. At the present time, it looks as though all humans are something more than 80% genetically identical. That is, in more than 80% of my genetic information I am identical to you, your aunt, your first cousin in Sydney.

Then what about the genetic dissimilarity? How important is the 20% of genetic information that is variable among us? First of all, modern research has shown that there exist no racial genes of any sort. Not a single human gene is found exclusively among one human group and absent from another! All human genes are shared through all racial types. This is a remarkable finding that confirms our genetic similarity and our kinship. But certainly we often look different from one another. What causes the apparent differences we see in comparing different peoples? Why are we fair and swarthy, large and small?

Certainly differences in gene frequencies do occur among peoples of different geographical regions. Also, when peoples are isolated from one another, segene or a gene

please see **Race**
on page 10

Is Student Government Obsolete?

by Gary Bryner

Political Science Department

The creation of a student association—BYUSA—dedicated to service is an interesting and worthy development. It is not yet clear exactly what the nature of these changes will be: will BYUSA provide more service to students? to others on campus? to the community? Will the focus be on preparing students to serve once they have left the University? Such goals are obviously desirable, and institutional changes that are likely to contribute to their achievement should be welcomed. It is easy for us all to become so absorbed in academic pursuits that we forget our responsibilities and opportunities to serve others. University life is often described as preparation for life, which, while certainly true, discourages the idea that it is itself also an important part of life, with the same obligations of unselfishness that are relevant to every period of our lives. An association of students dedicated to service "rather than mere activity," as the "Proposal For New Student Association" describes it, deserves enthusiastic support.

But the creation of BYUSA and the abolition of ASB/YU implicitly raises the question of whether there is a need or role for student government at BYU. The dissatisfaction with the existing student government that lead to a restructuring aimed at service might also be remedied by changes that strengthen the authority and responsibility of student government. In addition to increas-

ing opportunities for service, is there a need to assure that students have more of an opportunity to express their concerns; to have a voice in decisions affecting them; to contribute to discussion in the University over curriculum, allocation of resources among competing University purposes and programs, and libraries and food services? Should students be formally and directly represented in University decision-making that affects them in so many ways?

The recent discussion over changes in the student association appear to reflect a lack of support for and interest in a strong and active student government at BYU. Such a view likely rests

on one or more of the following beliefs: 1) Students are on campus for a short time and, unlike administrators and faculty, have no long-term commitment to the institution; 2) By definition, students don't know what is best for their educational training—that is why they are students—and they must rely on the wisdom of others to know what is best for their education; 3) The primary task of universities is to perpetuate the great ideas of the civilization of which they are a part and to advance the search for truth, efforts for which students are not central; 4) Students are too busy with academic, family, church, work, and social pursuits to have any time for par-

ticipation in student government; and 5) students are apathetic about the decisions made concerning them and would rather have others make them.

While there may be some basis for such beliefs, the case for an active, influential student government outweighs these and similar concerns. Student government offers numerous advantages to a university. First, since students are the object of much of what goes on at the university, decisions will be better if they are informed through direct

student input and involvement. Student views should not be determinative; lots of factors must be balanced, and student views are

only one of many

considerations. But they are a major consideration, and the information and perspective that students can bring to important decisions should be welcomed.

Second, having students represented in decision-making processes will help keep attention on the goal of educating students, and will make it harder for administrators and faculty to ignore that goal in taking actions based on other concerns. This is not to argue for student participation in every decision made, but only those that directly affect them or are central to their educational experience.

Third, many services and activities of the university are expressly aimed at accom-

modating students and they should have a voice in what those services are and how they should be provided. Access to computers, child care for student-parents, food service offerings, library resources and access to study facilities, and decisions about a variety of other aspects of university life should involve students directly.

Fourth, participation in government is an important part of education in a democracy. Political participation needs to be cultivated and encouraged, and universities are in a particularly good position to help provide experience and training. Students need to develop experience in self-government that can be transplanted to political activity once they leave campus. Their participation should be actively encouraged as central to the tasks of the university as well as critical in their preparation for citizenship beyond the university. There are, of course, important differences between the campus and the polity. Student payment of tuition does not make them equivalent to citizen-taxpayers. Church sponsorship of the university, university responsibilities that go beyond the direct education of students, and the relationship between students and faculty place some constraints on decisions to be made. But such constraints do not render student participation inappropriate.

Finally, participation in decisions and sharing responsibility for those decisions promotes a sense of community. Zion com-

*there is a need to assure
that students have more of an
opportunity to express their
concerns; to have a voice*

please see **Government**
on page 10

Letters to the Editor

EDITORIAL PAGE

Dear Editor,

The other day, while walking out of the bookstore, I heard a group of off-key singers folk-out to the strum of an out-of-tune guitar. I was naturally curious, so I followed the sound until I came to the announcement board. There I found a group of would-be-John Lennon-spectacled students holding hands in a circle, with a "peace" banner waving above them. Being tremendously intrigued by this meeting, I felt compelled to investigate the festivities, but as I approached the group, I overheard two passers-by commenting, "Wow, this is just like Berkeley! No way, this is so cool!" It was then that I realized how pointless the whole thing was, so I went to the Cougareat and ate a Hostess ding-dong.

Yes, I am one of the politically inactive. I was concerned when American troops were sent to Central America, but I didn't protest. I sometimes lose sleep over the possibility of a nuclear holocaust, but I have never been to the Nevada Test Site. Shame on me. Shame on the majority of BYU students who are like myself—politically inactive, but happy.

I tried at one time to make myself more aware. At the beginning of my college career, I felt like I should become more politically involved since it's practically a rite of passage for college students. I joined "Response," but I felt out of place at the first meeting, since I didn't own a pair of Birkenstocks, and I didn't feel that listening to U2 was a religious experience. I realized that it was virtually impossible for someone who didn't wear a bandanna around their head to become a political activist, so I became discouraged about my attempt to make myself more "informed."

In a later attempt to inform myself, I de-

cided to attend a lecture at the Peace Symposium. I tried to listen to the speaker, but the girls seated in front of me were much more interesting. One of the girls said to the other, "Are you going to Foodstock? I want to go, but I don't know what I should wear. What do you think? Should I wear something earthy, you know, really organic looking?" By the end of the lecture, the only thing I learned was that people from Provo are "sooo conservative," and that the Greatful Dead were love personified.

After the lecture, my bleeding heart, if you will, stopped beating. I had decided that if what I had witnessed was political activism, I would rather consider myself uninformed, apathetic, and downright ignorant. So I bagged the College Republican and Democrat debate and went home to watch "Win, Lose, or Draw."

With Apathy,
Just Another Rambo Mentality

P.S. Anyone interested in joining Students Against Political-activism (S.A.P.) should call 1-976-GABB. Be sure to indicate non-political activist preference.

Dear Editor,

I drive the local bus around town, and yesterday I forgot to bring something good to read at the end of the line. When I let a passenger off at Kinkos on 7th East, I saw a stack of your papers through the window. It only took me a second to jump out and grab one, yet there was line of cars already waiting for me to move, so I held up the copy of your paper hoping they would understand the worthiness of the delay. Upon reading just a couple of articles, however, I began to ques-

tion that worthiness.

It is blasphemy, don't you know, blasphemy, to mock the Holy Scriptures. It is a sin worse than breaking the word of wisdom. It is up there with adultery and murder. How many times must we suffer from you and that other rag published on campus, such filthiness and abomination? The children may think it cute and helpful to bring to bear strongly their views, but God does not wink at this. Please refrain from publishing those things written as if scripture, if you have been doing it unwittingly. If you do not, I will understand that you delight in such wickedness.

Another thing which I am certain many of you at the *Student Review* delight in is the constant exposure given to those atheists who don't yet know they are atheist and therefore call themselves intellectuals. I object to the article by Eric Wilson. Not because he attacks the religion department, but because he acts as a dupe of Satan, giving out that the mission of the university is to mingle the philosophies of men with the gospel. Done in all honesty I am sure, and further, he sets up for all of us that the highest objective of our religion to be the search for truth.

Intellectuals honor truth above God and they will admit it to your face. Truth is an object of our religion, yet it is not by any means THE object of our religion. Truth that we embrace must persuade men to do good (Ether 4:11-12). This means that faith in God and specifically faith in Jesus Christ must rule over and subject all truth to a righteous end. Facts used in sorcery would be the

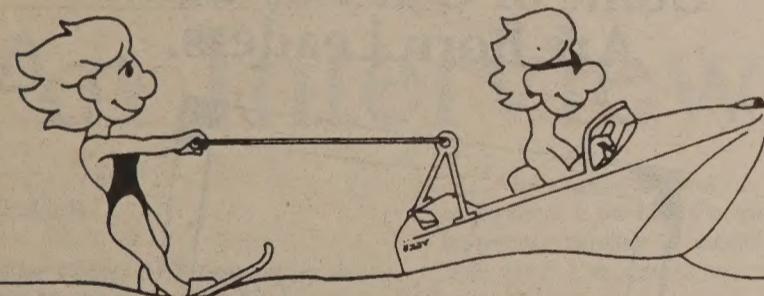
real opposite of the Light of Truth. It is not just mere knowledge that is the truth. It is the power to subject truth to a perfect will that is in harmony with everything made that makes truth truth. If someone is full of facts before they find the power of godliness necessary to subject the facts, he will probably seek only a form of godlessness to entice others to hear him in all his wisdom, kind of like Satan transforming himself into an angel of light to deceive.

James Q. Muir

College Poetry Reading

Thursday, April 7, 11:00 a.m.
College Hall (2084 JKHB)

Leslie Norris of the English
Department & Alan Keele of the
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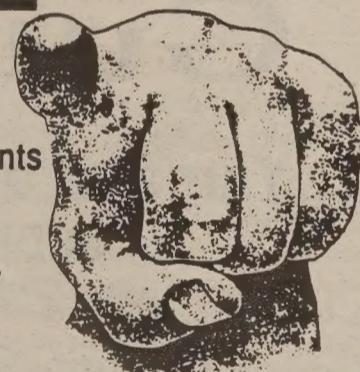
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Race from page 8

promoting fair complexion is more likely to appear in certain peoples than in others. And many of these traits probably are valuable. Current thought is that such differences apparently are due to the adaptation of certain traits for certain environments. For instance, dark skin is often found in peoples near the equator and likely serves to prevent the manufacture of toxic levels of vitamin D which the body manufactures in the presence of sunlight. On the other hand, fair skin is often found among peoples living near the poles since they need to manufacture as much

Modern research has shown that there exist no racial genes of any sort. Not a single human gene is found exclusively among one human group and absent from another!

vitamin D as possible during periods of sunshine. The poleward people simply do not need the dark skin filter of equatorial peoples. Many other traits similarly are thought to be advantageous for peoples in a given region.

Such differences, of course, are all important but they pale in comparison to our similarities. It is startling to me to know that if all humans were removed from the earth save those in a given region, say Australia, not a single human gene would be lost to the human gene pool. And roughly 93% of all variability in human genes would be maintained. Furthermore, if all humans on earth were removed except for one small tribe of people, say in New Guinea, more than 80% of all variation in human genes would be retained.

partner sharing the attributes, possibilities and promise that make us human.

Certainly the implications of this can not escape us. I am so closely related to all other humans on earth, I am brother and sister to all. I am you and you are me and we are everyone. Differences in skin color or eye shape or hair texture or blood type or even sex are trivial compared to our genetic likeness.

If this fact is inescapable, it is also delightful! How splendid and miraculous that we are all so closely related. How glad I am to be sequestered in so many different shapes, forms, colors and sizes! How proud we can be in the accomplishments of all our sisters and brothers! And how natural and important for us to work for the mutual good and growth, the safety and fulfillment of all.

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Government from page 8

munities in our religious tradition were built on ideas of common consent, equality, and participation. Expanding the range of issues and participants for decision-making processes can contribute to a sense of community and increased commitment on the part of students to the decisions made and the objectives shared.

Student government can be constituted in a way that gives students a real opportunity to participate in decisions affecting them and permit them to share some of the decision-making authority. Not everyone would par-

ticipate, as is true in contemporary political systems. Many students would prefer to have others take the time to engage in the debate and work out the details. Only some students would be willing to donate their time and energy on behalf of their fellow students, but representing the interests and concerns of others can be viewed as service. The discussion over BYUSA has rightly directed attention to service, and I hope the resulting structure will accomplish what its creators expect it to. But there has been too little attention directed to the need for an effective student government and the real benefits it offers to the university.

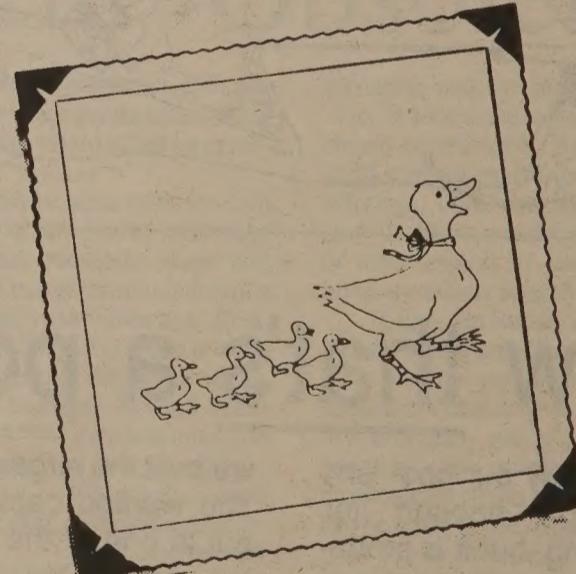
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ARTS & LEISURE

The Marketplace of Ideas, the House of Faith, and the Prison of Conformity

by Michael Quinn
Department of History

I first left Brigham Young University as a graduating senior, and now leave a position on BYU's faculty to pursue career goals outside the university. As a student and teacher, I have developed certain ideas about intellect, faith, and freedom.

A true university should be a Marketplace of Ideas. As in any free marketplace, the goods have various uses, shapes, sizes, colors, and qualities. One size does not fit all, certain things may not appeal to some people, and merchandise varies from the price-worthy to the shoddy. As in a free marketplace, the vendors of ideas promote their wares vigorously, and challenge alternate wares. They do this without asking permission, or feeling that they are taking risks beyond the fact that not everyone will want their goods. This freedom means that you can look at, try on, or obtain anything that interests you. In this marketplace of ideas you can outgrow or otherwise discard once-valued things, but you may also find ideas that will expand with you throughout life. The vendors of these ideas typically do not monitor what you do with them—dispensing the ideas as their primary objective.

You don't feel that you are being bold, or daring, or courageous, or offensive for exploring and promoting the ideas that are freely part of the marketplace of a university. Like any marketplace, an open university is



SR art by Julie Bell

often boisterous, unruly, energetic, exciting, multidimensional, fluid, and structured only enough to maintain the integrity of that orderly chaos of the mind.

On the other hand, the House of Faith is calmer, more secure, and heavily structured. In it, you move through corridors through which countless others have passed in or-

derly procession. Rooms have certain uses, and you soon learn the expected behavior as you move from room to room. Yet even within the House of Faith, there is diversity—some rooms are more fully occupied and used than others, and people don't always act the same way in the same room. The House of Faith does not lack adventure, either, because you may chance upon a room so long in disuse that even the custodians of the House of Faith have forgotten it. Equal to your excitement in exploring such a

custodians of the House of Faith than these things are to vendors in the Marketplace of Ideas.

It's difficult to live in a marketplace, or to find constant shelter and comfort there. A house provides shelter, comfort, and the association of those who should be there to love you, rather than to accost you as vendors often do. Ideally, the Marketplace of Ideas surrounds the House of Faith, so that you can pass freely from one to the other, back and forth, without feeling you have lost your place in either. This should be true because the Master of the free-flowing Marketplace of Ideas is also the Architect of the comforting House of Faith.

Yet some vendors in the Marketplace of Ideas may ridicule those who live in the House of Faith, and some residents may choose to abandon that great house. Some within the House of Faith may complain to the custodians about the quality of goods they found in the Marketplace of Ideas.

In response, some custodians and residents of that House of Faith may seek to discourage visits to the Marketplace of Ideas unless you have an approved shopping list. If sufficiently worried about the freedoms and vulnerabilities of the Marketplace of Ideas, custodians of the House of Faith may seek to shutter the windows, to discourage visits to the open marketplace, and instead offer a

please see Marketplace
on page 13

place is the fear on the part of the custodians that you will take a misstep in the dimly lit room. Even if you are in the company of a few others, the custodians still worry because they feel responsible for your safety in a house they did not build, whose floor plans they do not know precisely. How you act, talk, and think are far more important to

An Interview with Dr. Paul Cox

by Vic Call

(Editor's note: Dr. Cox teaches, among other things Biology 100, and researches tropical rainforests.)

SR: Why plant biology?

PC: I have always loved plants. I built my first greenhouse when I was ten, and got a permit from Gasquet National Forest in California to collect *Darlingtonia californica* (an insectivorous pitcher plant). I started doing studies on leaf demography when I was fourteen. I still love plants; there is an aesthetic quality of plants that I find very real.

SR: Most of your work is in the tropics. Is there something about the tropics that is especially relevant to the questions you're asking?

PC: Again, I'm very aesthetically impressed with tropical rainforests. They represent one of the major vegetation forms of the world, yet there has been remarkably little work done studying them. The rainforests are vanishing very rapidly, and I feel a sort of mission to contribute my time studying them because I know that in twenty-five years or so the opportunities to make these studies will be gone.

SR: In what directions has your research taken you?

PC: I'm interested in the evolution of plant breeding systems, particularly on islands—how the ways plants breed affect their ability to establish colonies on islands. My other

major focus is the use of tropical forests by indigenous peoples for medicine, food and other items. I've been doing studies in ethnobotany.

SR: The latter entails living among the people and becoming acquainted with their way of life.

PC: Yes. My family and I spent the better part of a year living in a little village on a remote island. We lived in a grass shack on the beach, had no running water, no electricity, and yet I think it is one of the most pleasant times we've ever had.

SR: Has the experience of that year affected your subsequent view of life and the world?

PC: Oh yes. At universities in particular, where we deal so much with "affairs of the mind," I think perhaps there is the danger to tacitly assume that we have a monopoly on human knowledge, exploration and advancement. When you're sitting in a hut with a person who cannot read or write, yet who can name six or seven hundred different plant species by name, and who understands the complete ecology of the forest—which animals disperse the fruits, which insects pollinate the flowers—you realize that there is this tremendous pool of knowledge that is not included in universities in the western academic tradition.

SR: What projects will you be involved with during the coming field season?

PC: I will be working in the Caribbean on the island of St. Croix studying the pollination of



SR photo by David Sume

sea grasses. In Samoa I am leading a team of botanists and zoologists studying the interactions of flying foxes with the native forest. If the bats go extinct, the forest may be severely and irreparably damaged. I'm also continuing my book on Samoan herbal medicine. I'm also very interested in the genetics and breeding systems of the aquatic plants that inhabit some unique "aqueous islands"—remote little ponds and lakes in the middle of

the Utah desert.

SR: Is your broad curiosity the cause of your research, or the result of your research, having grown with up it?

PC: Both. Part of being a scientist is never growing up. We're all Peter Pans. We just have funner toys and bigger playgrounds. The playground for me now is the South Pacific, South America, and the Caribbean. Let me give you an example: I sat around in my office during the winter, did some mathematics, and came up with some predictions on how sea grasses should be pollinated. I was foolish enough to publish them, and then felt compelled to go out and see if what I had said had any meaning for the plants. It was quite a thrill to see that these plants met the predictions. I guess being a scientist is figuring out a way to kick the universe and make it wobble a bit, and by watching the way it wobbles see if your model of what's happening is correct. It is a tremendous amount of fun. I only choose problems to work on that are exciting and are lots of fun.

SR: To what extent do you involve undergraduates in your research?

PC: I love the undergraduates at BYU. They have certain characteristic weaknesses, but I'm drawn to their strengths. Many of our students are quite culturally aware. They've served missions in foreign countries, and many know different languages. Right now

please see COX on page 14

Desert

Nudged, sprinklers woke sneezing
on green outposts dry again,
arms thrown up against morning
heat that slipped airily. Rains
arced and fanned, sprayed beads,
splinters of burst light. Falls
splashed empty streets all mine.
Plants were drunk as seaweed
but heat bulged and by midday on walls
webs of water hadn't survived its shine.

One fat night later I wandered
between lamp islands. A flare. Splayed
branches in distress? It hovered
flaunting a broken roof then blazed
as I skeltered, banged the door, scuffed
words into the man half-naked faced
with night and what water's for.
One stream was not enough.
Fire trucks were. I'd traced
what seemed, starring noise, street theatre -

but had glimpsed what the open door
had opened. A curled room: two children
drowse for another second beyond roars
reddening the attic's den.
Toys spread around. Sparked, a man dives
in scorchlight to aim hosed sprawls
as the woman wading through delirium
runs to evacuate their lives.
Later I thought of my wife, daughter, all
of us under what heat might come

and saw the infinite desert reach
past scoured ribs of ghost towns
way back and beyond to breeched
defences, whole ways of living blown.
Sage brush spikes its boundaries
but this town endures. In channels
more than pumped water is gathering
streets.

Rippling like news, its surge frees
lives for the flowing, holds lines
green, intact in the face of heat.

John Davies
English Department

BY GARRY TRUDEAU

34.

Seawrack and stones in still pools
the sea leaves after it. Fronds
of lax weed the children love
to drag in leathery chains along
the sand, the bones of the skeletal
world when it was made, they
join here in casual pattern we search
for meaning, for significant omens.
But a wind ruffles the waters face.

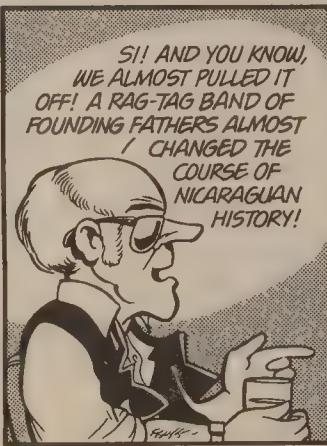
Leslie Norris
English Department

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Marketplace from page 11

limited selection of "safe" goods, and to persuade the residents of the House of Faith that a controlled choice is a free choice.

At the extreme, resistance to the openness of ideas and the vulnerabilities of freedom may develop into a culture which is not the creation of Him who established both the Marketplace of Ideas and the House of Faith. All of us may be familiar with such a culture which I have learned about with much interest and some sadness. It is the Prison of Conformity.

In this specific case, its leaders distrust the outside world, and are convinced that this culture is destined to spread throughout the world. In the zeal of that faith, these authorities also distrust members of this culture who are different in any respect from the authorized norms.

Convinced that regular members of the culture would only be confused by unrestricted inquiry, the authorities of the Prison of Conformity have adopted several methods of inhibiting freedom. First, by publicizing only positive features of the culture, unless some negative information is necessary to chastise those who don't live up to expectations. Second, by denying access to crucial information, and allowing "free" and "professional" access only to sanitized documents or information. Third, by using intimidation to discourage those who have forbidden knowledge from circulating or publishing it, unless it is the authorized version of the culture's history, beliefs, and practices. Fourth, by portraying independent thinkers as renegades who are seeking to disturb the happiness and loyalty of the rest of the culture. Fifth, by persuading the rest of the culture that such information is irrelevant or dangerous, and that they should avoid any contaminating association with those ideas or those whose independence of thought and action are by definition disloyal. Sixth, the leaders persuade themselves and the rest of the people that the culture is actually better off without the presence or influence of these independent people. Seventh, by using the instruments of power within the culture to harass, isolate, silence, expel, or force into exile those who do not conform sufficiently.

Even though the conforming majority of people feel indifferent or even hostile toward the independent writers and activists, some rank and file members give quiet encouragement to the activists. One of these independent types, who loves the culture but rejects its oppressive conformity, complained about the attitude of the authorities toward "that past" which ought not to be stirred up," and he continued, "What we remember is not what actually happened, not history, but merely that hackneyed dotted line they have chosen to drive into our memories by incessant hammering. . . We have to condemn publicly the very idea that some people have the right to repress others." Still, in my own study and experience, the culture has good qualities, and its people generally are kind and friendly, even to outsiders.

This particular Prison of Conformity, of course, is the Soviet Union, about which I just quoted Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*. I had personal experience with this culture five years ago as part of BYU's Study Abroad

Ideally, the Marketplace of Ideas surrounds the House of Faith, so that you can pass freely from one to the other, back and forth, without feeling you have lost your place in either

program, and am still impressed by the effect of that visit and my reading about this culture of repressive conformity.

The Soviet Union is merely an extreme example of lofty goals subverted into a repressive conformity. The French Revolution's ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity disintegrated into the Guillotine Terror in which thousands of men, women, and children died because they did not fit the commoner's ideal. God's revelations and commandments to Moses on Sinai became a repressive burden upon believing Jews who struggled their best to conform. Roman Catholicism emerged from a heritage of persecution and thereafter

embarked on centuries of repression against any believing Catholics who did not meet certain standards of orthodoxy and practice. The persecuted Puritans fled to America to establish their "City on a Hill" to God's glory, and then banished from their colony nonconformists such as Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams.

Some years ago, BYU's professor of religion Hugh W. Nibley warned students and administrators alike of dangers of intellectual stagnation and stultifying conformity at BYU. In his "Educating the Saints," he commented that "the authorities have tended to delegate the business of learning to others, and those others have been only too glad to settle for the outward show, the easy and flattering forms, trappings and ceremonies of education." In his "Zeal Without Knowledge," Professor Nibley criticized an administrative and student sense of superiority that stifles spiritual development, and observed that it was common to hear at BYU the attitude, "We are not seeking for truth at the BYU; we have the truth!"

There is a danger that BYU's slogans may be more accurate in their inverted form. Instead of "The World Is Our Campus," the reality may be that "The Campus Is Our World." With the overwhelming emphasis on deference, compliance, and conformity, there is a real danger that BYU students "Enter to Serve, Go Forth to Learn." Twenty years ago, a joke making the rounds was that the autocratic president of BYU had written a book titled, "Free Agency and How to Enforce It." To the degree that this attitude exists, the institution and its people are sliding away from the Marketplace of Ideas and House of Faith into the individual and cultural repressiveness of the Prison of Conformity. That is a development that concerns me, and I hope that those who remain at BYU will reflect upon the implications of subordinating thought and faith to conformity.

I will miss my personal associations at BYU, especially with students. I have learned from you, admire you, and hope that I have shared something of worth in exchange. I wish you God's blessings in your own efforts to live with both vigorous intellect and comforting faith.

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ARTS AND LEISURE

COX from page 11

I have undergraduates that are studying the ethnobotany of Japan, Tonga, the Peruvian Amazon, and Norway. It's interesting because I learn so much from the students.

SR: Are undergraduate students able to travel and participate in the fieldwork as well?

PC: We try to figure out ways to get them where they need to be. I insist that the students who work with me take it very seriously. They have to demonstrate fluency in the language of the people they're going to study, and I require them to publish their work. They're not just having lovely vacations. Some of the places we work in are very rigorous.

SR: Is it difficult to channel your excitement

and curiosity into the undergraduate classroom?

PC: No. I love to teach the freshmen. When I came here I indicated I wanted to teach freshmen, particularly the non-major classes. There was a bit of surprise. I think these aren't the most popular classes for faculty. My objective is not to impart information as much as to incite curiosity and to communicate the aesthetic. Most students I teach probably won't remember the details of the Krebs Cycle six months after they graduate, but I do hope that they remember the excitement of biology and why plants are so interesting, and why we ought to conserve parts of this planet.

SR: So is instilling curiosity your philosophy of undergraduate education?

PC: Yes. There is agreement that my classrooms get pretty weird. The opening day we have the greenhouse manager empty the greenhouse and bring it up in trucks and put plants around the classroom. I've bought a fog machine, so next year the first thing the freshmen will see is a jungle out in the hall and fog coming out of the room, and they'll have to force their way through palms and rattans just to get into the lecture hall. The students wonder what's going on. That's great. I want students who are thinking and wondering. Rather than just being a conduit through which information passes, I'd like to be a catalyst to get people to start looking at things.

SR: On occasion pleas are heard for more humanistic attitudes in science writing, and calls for writing that disseminates information for the non-scientist. Is there a place for that sort of writing?

PC: Currently we're in an era of the science journalist. There is increased emphasis on communicating the results of science to the

lay public. I think that's important. On the other hand, I am always amused by my colleagues in humanities who use C.P. Snow's paradigm of the two cultures. Snow argued that there is a humanities culture and a science culture, and that there are very few bridges between them. I think this is probably true viewed from the humanities side. From the scientists' side I don't think this is quite as true. For example, most scientists I hang out with are very erudite and well-read. Elliot Butler is a very good example. Here's a man who is a very devoted student of the opera. Most of my colleagues read a variety of things ranging from Mark Twain to Greek tragedies to Sartre and Kant. The problem I see (and I know I'm going to get into trouble for saying this) is that the humanities are more like random access memory. You can take nearly any class you're interested in, out of sequence, and it is quite accessible to you if you put in the required effort, whereas the sciences are more sequential. There is a greater price to pay to appreciate the aesthetic in the sciences, but it is still very real.

SR: Is the demise of tropical rainforest imminent given the current massive Third World debt?

PC: I see the major threat to rainforest as greed. The people doing the actual damage know what they are doing. Third World countries with terrible deficit problems see the rainforest as a way of generating quick capital. For example, in New Guinea, a Japanese logging firm is cutting down tremendous acreage to make toilet paper. Again, to me, this is like walking into the Uffizi Gallery and grabbing a few of the Titians and Renoirs and maybe even the odd Michelangelo and grinding them up to blow your nose on. It's a crazy set of values. Much of it is just mindless destruction. No one who

is really conservation-minded should drink coffee because much forest is being destroyed to put in coffee plantations. Certainly no one should use cocaine because that industry is becoming very destructive to tropical forests as well.

SR: Is there something besides abstaining from coffee and cocaine that a BYU student could do to help preserve rainforest?

PC: We have legislation possibly coming up before the 100th Congress to make national parks in Samoa. Letters to congressmen will really help things. If you really want to save rainforests, I'd say to the students go save Rock Canyon or Provo Canyon. Conserving areas in our own neighborhoods in our own states may be one of the strongest statements we can make in support of these broader issues.

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ORPHANS 4/1-14 Directed by Alan Pakula Starring Albert Finney, Mathew Modine, Kevin Anderson. Premiere.

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BARFLY 4/6-12 Screenplay by Charlie Bukowski. Starring Mickey Rourke & Faye Dunaway. Award winning semi-autobiographical account of Bukowski's life as an alcoholic bum in L.A.

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Downside up

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they catch light each day, throw shadows,
all to keep fit and even the mountains
can't be sure it'll be appreciated.

It isn't, much. They smoke clouds
only, drink in just the view.
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or virtue, they slide bashfully away -
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flexing their good examples.
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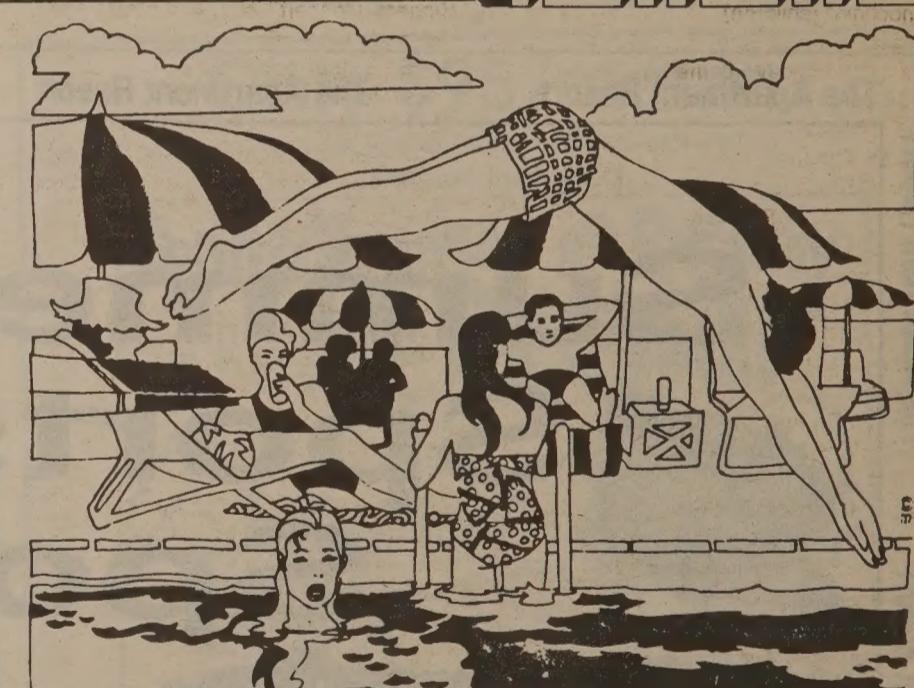
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THE CALENDAR

Lecture

Women's Conference

April 7-8 Pick up information brochures at the information desks in the Wilkinson Center, Administration Building, Harmon Building, Cannon Center & Morris Center Fireside

Elder J. Thomas Fyans, First Quorum of the Seventy, April 10, Marriott Center, 7:30 Book Of Mormon Lecture Series

Scriptural Fundamentalism and the Book of Mormon, Tuesday, April 12, 101 Fletcher Building, U of U, 7:30 p.m.

Planetarium Lecture

H. K. Hansen on "The Romance of the Calendar" Thursday, April 14, 492 ESC, 7:30 & 8:30 p.m. admission \$1.00

"Morality and America"

Speaker: Dr. Terry Olson, BYU Associate Dean of Family, Home, & Social Sciences, Former member of the National Committee on Teenage Pregnancy

April 14, Multi Purpose Room 106, Orem City Center, 56 N. State, Orem.

Open Observatory

all month, 491 ESC, dark until 10:30 p.m., weather permitting. admission \$1.00

Theatre

Hale Center Theater

2801 S. Main Street, SLC

"The Curious Savage" (comedy)

through April 11, 8:00 p.m.

"Pinocchio" (children)

Saturdays, through April 30, 1:00 p.m.

"Hopsville Holiday" (comedy)

April 14-June 13, 8:00 p.m.

tickets: 484-9257

Babcock Theatre

"Equus" (Psychological Drama)

April 7-10, 14-16, 8:00 p.m.

tickets: 581-6961

Salt Palace

The Magic of David Copperfield, Live

Monday & Tuesday, April 11 & 12, 5:30 &

8:30 p.m., each night. tickets: 538-2253

Egyptian Theatre

"Bullshot Crummond" (comedy spoof)

April 15-30, 8:00 p.m.

tickets: 649-9371

Backstage Dinner Theatre

Backstage Cafe, Provo Town Square

"Odd Couple" Premier this Friday!

April 8 & 9, dinner, 6:00 p.m., show 7:30

Reservations: 373-2233

Backstage Comedy

Comedy Night with Gustov!

Thursday, April 7, 9:00 p.m.

New Shakespeare Players

Courage Theatre, Westminster College

"Agnes of God" (drama)

Thurs.-Sat. April 14-30, 8:00 p.m.

student tickets: \$4.00, 583-6520

Pioneer Theatre

"Singin' in the Rain" (musical)

April 27-May 14, 8:00 p.m.

tickets: 581-6961

Dance

BYU

Ballroom Dance Competition & Showcase

April 8-9, ELWC Ballroom, 7:00 p.m.

info: 378-4623

Music

BYU

Guitar Ensemble

Wed. April 6, Madsen Recital Hall, 9:00 p.m.

Faculty Jazz Quartet

Wed. April 6, Pardoe Theatre, 7:30 p.m.

Lawrence Green

Wed. April 6, Madsen Recital Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Philharmonic Orchestra and Choral

Ensembles

April 7 & 8, de Jong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Folk Ensemble

Sat. April 9, 251 TNRB, 7:30 p.m.

University Chorale

April 12, de Jong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Utah Saxophone Quartet

April 12, Madsen Recital Hall, 9:00 p.m.

tickets, info to all of the above: 378-7444

Utah Symphony

Schubert, Bartok, & Dvorak

April 8 & 9, 8:00 p.m.

Finishing Touches (same program as April

15 & 16) April 13, 10:15 a.m.

Rachmaninoff, Nielsen, & Elgar

April 15 & 16, 8:00 p.m.

Beethoven, Symphonies 1 & 9

April 11 & 12, 8:00 p.m.

Youth Concert

April 30, 11:00 a.m. & 12:30 p.m.

Symphony Hall, Salt Lake City

student tickets: \$3.00, 533-6407

Temple Square Concert Series

Ogden Community Choir performing

Brahm's "A German Requiem"

April 8, Assembly Hall, 7:30 p.m.

BYU Philharmonic Orchestra, University

Singers, Concert Choir, and Men's and

Women's Choruses

April 9, Tabernacle, 7:30 p.m.

Michael Cannon, New York pianist

April 15, Assembly Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Douglas Humpherys, pianist (1st place

winner in the 1976 Bachauer competition)

April 16, Assembly Hall, 7:30 p.m.

All concerts are free. info: 531-3318

Backstage Cafe

The Cats (jazz)

Friday, April 7, 9:30 p.m.

Plastic Porcupine (top 40)

Saturday, April 8, 10:00 p.m.

info: 373-2233

Snowbird

Warren Miller's White Winter Heat

Wednesdays, Cliff Lodge Ballroom, 8:00

p.m. info: 521-6040 ext. 4080

Salt Palace

Terrence Trent D'Arby (modern)

Monday, April 25, 8:00 p.m.

Art

Springville Museum of Art

52 W. 200 S., Springville

64th National Spring Salon

through May 15

info: 489-9434

Loge Gallery

Watercolors by LaRue Brewster

April 27-May 14, 10:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m.

info: 581-7118

Museum of Church History & Art

45 N. West Temple, SLC

Book of Mormon Art, through Sept. 11

info: 531-3310

Utah Museum of Fine Arts

University of Utah

David Dornan, through April 17

American Art, through July 12

info: 581-8677

Kimball Art Center

638 Park Ave., Park City

Mickey Smith: stained glass, and

Andrea Morguloff-Hage: photo, silkscreens,

and paintings, Main Gallery, through April 27

Print Making Techniques, on loan from the Utah Art Council, Lower Gallery, all month.

Meyer Gallery

305 Main Street, Park City

Southwestern and Utah Art, all month

BYU

Student Shows

all month in all galleries

through April 7, 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Gone with the Wind

April 8,11,13, 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Seems Like Old Times

April 8, 11:30 p.m.

Fiddler on the Roof

April 9,12,14, 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Princess Bride

April 15-21, 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Varsity II

Somewhere in Time

April 8-11, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Film Society

A Midsummer's Night Dream

April 8 & 9, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

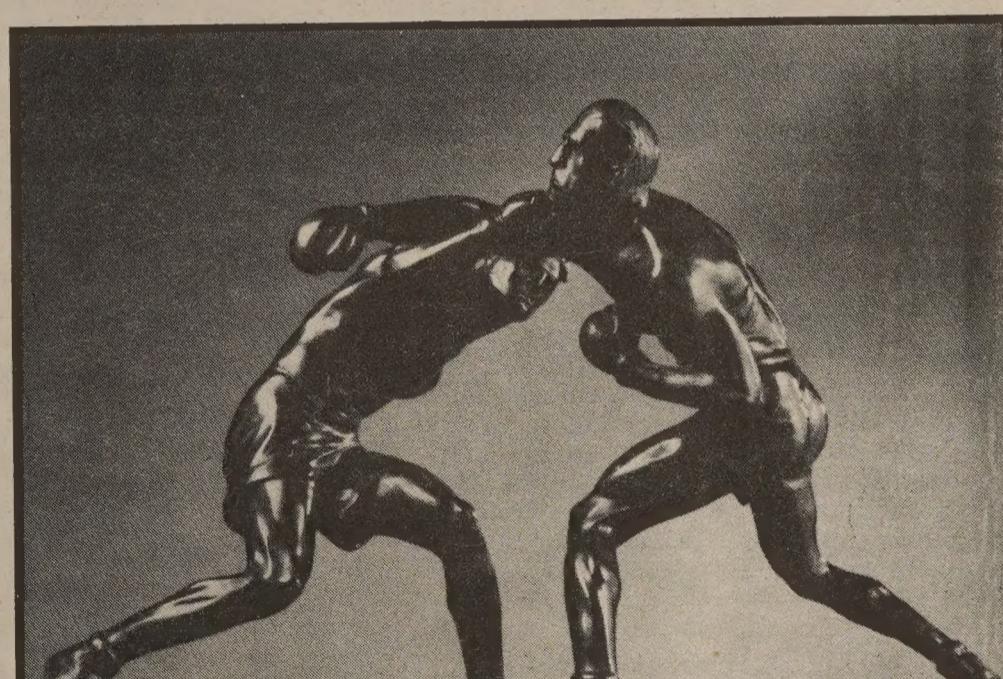
Party

French Club Activity

Soiree d'Adieu and Talent Show

April 7, 375 ELWC, 7:30 p.m.

The Calendar welcomes contributions.
Items should be submitted to Connie Moore
in person, or by phone, or by mailing
information to Student Review (P.O. Box
7092 University Station, Provo UT, 84602),
or by calling our office (377-2980). Information
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6 April - 31 May 1988

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Brigham Young University

Opening reception 7-9 pm Wednesday April 6th

Teaching from front page

Similarly, a number of authorities doubt that the number of students preparing to be public school teachers will be sufficient to meet the increasing demand. While most experts believe there will be enough warm bodies found to teach most classes, everyone is worried about quality.

Right here at BYU, administrators estimate that roughly half of our faculty will retire in the next decade, and a number of departments are scrambling to find the kind of people they need to replace the retirees.

A CALLING FOR ALL SEASONS

Of course the best job in the world is parenting. Nothing so frustrates, demands, and totally fulfills as that career. In teaching our children we teach ourselves; in raising them we force ourselves to grow up.

But the second-best job is teaching, partly because it's a lot like parenting—you learn with your students and they teach you at least as much as you do them. True, it's not quite as engrossing as raising your own family, but it has its advantages: you're not on call 24 hours a day, you don't have to pay more car insurance if your wards happen to be under twenty-five, and you actually get paid for doing it. Of course your salary will never canker your soul with riches, but it's steady inside work, no heavy lifting.

Seriously, it's a great racket. How many people get paid for seeking truth and telling others about it? Study after study of college teachers finds their job satisfaction among the highest of any profession.

Public school pay is not what it should be, but those who have taught at both levels find that the emotional rewards of public school teaching are often superior—you can really make a difference, and the younger children frequently adopt teachers as heroes. While it is still tricky to support a family of any size on a public school teacher's salary, a number of new programs of "teacher ladders" and the like have made it possible for talented and committed public school teachers to earn more status and pay.

What else is there to say about teaching? At the college level, most professors have different assignments each semester, support for research and travel, some flexibility in their weekly schedules, and reasonable geographical mobility. Public school teachers have less travel and research support, but better geographical mobility (they can find a job in most places in the U.S.), and long annual vacations.

Most importantly, teachers at both levels work in an intellectually stimulating environment and have the opportunity of helping young people learn to think and understand the world.

COMMITMENT NEEDED

The down side of teaching? For the college teacher, there is a long and expensive preparation—a Ph.D. requires an average of about seven years past the bachelor's degree. Those who want to stop with a master's degree limit themselves to junior college or to second-class status at a four-year institution.

The constant pressure to publish can be both a blessing and a curse, especially at the first of your career when the pressures to research, prepare, and teach new courses can be most unpleasant during the four- to six-year probationary period. Pre-college teachers struggle with heavy teaching loads, discipline problems, and a sense that the administration and the public care about everything but educational quality.

THE BOTTOM LINE

But is teaching for you? Has it glamour enough for such a blue-chipper? Will it buy you the power clothing, the BMW's, and all the other imports that make life truly meaningful?

In Robert Bolt's classic play "A Man For All Seasons," Sir Thomas More advises a wannabe yuppie named Richard Rich to become a teacher because he might be good, even great at it. Rich asks pointedly, "And if I was, who would know?" Sir Thomas replies, "You, your pupils, your friends, God. Not a bad public, that...." Rich spurns his advice, and the England of Henry VIII is the worse for it.

So what's the point of all this? Simply that you should consider teaching in the list of things you could do if and when you grow up. It has a number of intrinsic rewards, and the possibilities for placement will be unusually good for the next decade or more. Along the way, you might even make the world a little better place. And we can guarantee you a good public.

Language from front page

to what I firmly believe is this University's prophetic destiny is, I think, cultural. That is, we as a people—not "they," the administration—are responsible for it.

Americans—and this is, after all, an American university—are an insular people. We know little of the world around us, and we usually care even less. We can go hundreds and sometimes thousands of miles in most directions without encountering another language. (And as for that country to the south, why, a large percentage of high school seniors in Dallas—Dallas!!—can't name it anyway!)

American Mormons tend to share and even exaggerate this mindset. We are too often an insular people within insular America. I am told that some companies are reluctant to recruit on our campus because they have seen too many BYU-trained employees leave after only a few years—i.e., just when they have finally begun to be useful to the firm—to return to the bosom of Zion. (Where, it might be added, the economy often cannot fully absorb them and the Church hardly needs them.)

Further, Mormons are a practical people. We made the desert blossom by digging canals, not by reading Tolstoy or by watching Kabuki theatre. Chinese grammar will not build a factory, nor will Parzival help us keep track of corporate accounts. Such practicality helped to build America! And America today, tongue-tied and ignorant of other nations, is finding it ever more difficult to compete for foreign markets.

Why, however, should we follow suit if America as a whole flirts with isolationism and protectionism? We are, after all, members of an increasingly international Church, and citizens of what is destined to be a world-wide Kingdom. We have unique capacities for playing an international role, and we have a prophetic responsibility to do precisely that.

It seems clear to me, for example, that a missionary's relationship to his area of labor should not end at the time of his release. Far from it! Especially if he is serving in a foreign culture and in a foreign language, he probably only begins to hit his stride at the end of his term of service. (Certainly this was true in my own case.) This is precisely not the time to stop.

A missionary's call to a specific area should, ideally, be the beginning of a lifelong interest in and relationship with that place. He should try to keep up, at least in general terms, with what is going on there. His language should be regularly dusted off and kept functional. (The Church may have need of him again, after all.)

Even better, once the missionary has gained essential fluency in the language and customs of the area, he should endeavor to deepen his knowledge of its history, culture, and language. He need not become a specialist, of course. But the possibilities for people with training in both engineering and Japanese, for example, or business and Portuguese, are virtually limitless.

I am not talking only about self-interest, however. The other sign at the main entrance to BYU admonishes us to "Enter to Learn, [and] Go Forth to Serve." Do we take this as seriously as we ought? Do our career paths differ at all from those at other institutions? Do our ideals have any significant impact on the kind of work we choose to do? On the world?

Think what good could be accomplished if some of the engineering and managerial expertise gained at BYU were to be applied in the developing nations. If BYU's current efforts to aid international agriculture could be supplemented yet more by BYU-trained agronomists and horticulturalists, what might be the result?

Consider, too, the potential benefits of international careers to our sponsoring Church. I cannot fail to think of the example of Islam, whose rapid spread in Africa and, earlier, in Southeast Asia owes as much to the glowing examples of devout Muslim merchants and traders as to institutionalized proselytizing. As more and more Latter-day Saints go out to work and serve in the world at large, they cannot fail to have an impact for good upon the countries in which they live.

Further, they will not fail to learn from the cultures in which they are immersed. This is of vital importance for the future of the Kingdom. President Kimball used to ask us to pray for the opening of doors to the nations, so that we might take the gospel to them. But he also pointed out

that the Lord was hardly likely to open doors for us if we were unprepared to enter them.

If India were to open up tomorrow, what would we do? Who in the Church knows anything of that vast subcontinent, of its rich culture, its complex religious beliefs, its multitude of languages? We need those who will study and live and work in India, who will come to know it and its people intimately. If the Islamic world were to open up, what would we do? How many members of the Church could even begin to preach the gospel in Arabic or Turkish or Swahili? Are we prepared to take the Restoration to Russia?

Many at BYU find themselves obliged to take a foreign language to meet the University's language requirement. Why not take one of the less-commonly learned languages? There are Spanish speakers galore, and of French speakers enough and to spare. (My colleagues will never forgive me this paragraph!)

And for those who have already learned a foreign language, but have discovered that they rather enjoyed it, why not learn another? Why not consider, say, Arabic, or Russian, or Turkish? BYU offers all three. The Church will someday need speakers of all three. And the U.S. government, to choose an example, is at this very moment in desperate need of all three. Someone with Japanese and Arabic, or with Chinese and Russian, would have little trouble finding interesting work.

It is an appalling fact that there are more teachers of English in the Soviet Union than there are students of Russian in the United States. Yet the Soviet Union is our chief foreign adversary, and it is central to the West's interests that we be able to understand that nation's society and culture. This, however, cannot be done fully and in detail without language. Fortunately, BYU's Russian program has a justifiably excellent reputation.

And what of Arabic? It is the sacred language of one billion Muslims. It is the native language of populations extending from West Africa to Iraq. The culture that it bears is one of the greatest the world has ever known. Here, too, BYU has excellent capabilities, crowned by the superb facility in Jerusalem and a newly-announced semester of intensive study which will begin there next year.

Turkish is perhaps BYU's newest entry among the important but lesser-studied languages of the world. There are many reasons why BYU students should consider gaining exposure to it. It is, for example, the language of the Republic of Turkey, a nation of 50 million people which belongs to NATO, is knocking on the door of the European Common Market, and is currently experiencing a boom as it turns toward free market economic policies. Closely related Turkic languages are spoken by an additional 60 million people scattered across Soviet Central Asia into China. Thanks to Prof. David Montgomery of the History Department, BYU has now joined the few universities in America which offer Turkish.

There are many, many reasons why BYU, its students, and its faculty should take even greater interest in the languages and cultures of the world. Career paths constructed along these lines offer great rewards. Our position in an increasingly competitive world economy begs that we do so. The future spread of the Church will depend, at least in part, upon our doing so.

However, such world-consciousness will bring not merely tangible rewards. I am humanist enough to believe that, while we must dig canals in order to live, we live in order to live well. And great literature, art, and music belong to living well. As surely as is the gathering of souls, so, too, the gathering of insights from Tolstoy, from Kafka, from the Tale of Genji, from Dante and from Ibn Khaldun, is a part of the building and adornment of Zion.



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